

something worth fighting for by pretendimstraight

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Fist Fights, Hurt/Comfort, Idiots in Love, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-07

Updated: 2018-01-07

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:15:54

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,928

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve Harrington has a reputation for losing every fight people have known him to be in.

Steve changes that reputation for the people he cares about most.

something worth fighting for

“I can’t believe you!” Steve shouted, storming away from the blonde, mullet-wearing asshole currently sitting on his couch.

Billy got up to follow him, laughing freely. If he wasn’t so irritated, he probably would have kissed him, but instead he continues walking away even faster. “Babe, don’t be such a drama queen!”

“Well then, you don’t say stupid shit that’s not true!” Steve said, turning and pointing a finger accusingly towards Billy’s chest.

Billy stopped and tensed, eyes scanning Steve’s face for a moment before relaxing. He slapped his hand away lightly, “All I said was that you were absolute shit at fighting, man. It’s not like I called your dick small, or anything.”

Steve looked at him incredulously. Steve? Bad at fighting? He spent nights fighting monsters straight out of people’s nightmares. He even helped kill a fucking monster one time, not that he could tell Billy that.

“I’m a great fighter, dickhead.” Steve grumbled, walking to the fridge and deciding to drop it before it turns into an actual argument.

“From what I’ve heard, as well as my own personal experience,” Steve flinched slightly and Billy was behind him then, wrapping his arms around his waist, “Sorry about that again, but the point still stands- you’re just not good in a fist fight, Stevie.”

Sighing, Steve grabbed a water bottle and turned around in Billy’s arms so that they were facing each other. He chugged down about half of the bottle’s contents before sitting it down to smirk at him. “But I’m good at loads of other things... aren’t I, baby?” He purred, fingers playing with the waistband on Billy’s jeans.

“If you’re referring to sucking cock then I would say that I can’t really be sure. Maybe you should show me your technique again, just so I can be positive, y’know?” Billy said before leaning in to kiss him, soundly ending the conversation.

-

It has been four days.

In retrospect, Steve knows that four days is probably too short of a time apart to say that you miss someone, but here he is, missing his idiot.

He's also incredibly worried, which isn't necessarily new. Even though Billy put up a 'Bad Boy' front, Steve knows that he actually cares about school and, unlike himself, is actually really smart. They had a project due today in their English class that Billy had even put off sex to get finished, so for him not to show up for school on the day they needed to hand it in was weird. Steve really fucking hates weird.

Dustin also called him yesterday and said that Max hasn't been showing up to school either. They haven't even seen her around the arcade, which again, was weird. Dustin was super worried about her, which doubled Steve's worries in return.

He knows better than to go check on them at their house, knows what that could look like. If Steve Harrington knows anything, it's how to keep up an appearance. He tells himself that everything's fine, and that his boyfriend is probably just sick.

-

It's two more days before Max comes back.

Lucas had called and said that Steve should come to the Byers', and to do it fast. Steve sped over, butterflies in his gut at the thought of potentially seeing Billy that immediately died when he saw Joyce outside waiting.

He ran out of his car, stopping in front of her and trying not to panic. "What's going on? Is Will okay? Is it a..." he reflexively looked around before continuing, "monster thing?"

Joyce put her hands on his shoulders and shook her head softly. He relaxed and let out a deep breath that he wasn't even aware he was holding. "Steve, honey, everything is fine. I'm just waiting for Jim to

get here. He was supposed to be bringing El- I mean, Jane over.”

Steve nodded and she motioned for him to go inside a while. When he walked in, he heard the party talking in low voices amongst each other.

“Hey dickheads! Why’d you tell me to get here so quick, I thought the world was ending or some shit-” Steve froze when he looked down and saw that they were signing a cast. A cast that was on Max’s arm.

“Hey Steve. We, uh-” Lucas started before getting cut off by Dustin speaking excitedly, “We saved a spot by her wrist for your name! I know Mike wrote real big by there, but there should be enough room.”

They were all quiet as Steve walked over, and even moved out of the way when he went to sit down next to her. Will handed him a marker and he wrote his name as nice as he could. He even got her to chuckle when he drew a crown over the ‘S’ in his name. He gave her a soft smile before sighing softly, “What happened, kid?”

The boys cut in, shouting over each other.

“She crashed her skateboard-” Lucas started, sounding nervous.

“Off the curb-” Mike shouted, more confidently, and the two nodded.

“Into an oncoming car!” Dustin finished, smiling and nodding to himself.

Steve looked over to Will who was shaking his head while the three other boys glared at each other in what seemed to be a silent argument.

“Guys... can I talk to Steve for a minute?” Max’s voice was so quiet it was almost a whisper.

The boys nodded, and looked at her expectantly. “Alone.” She snarked, sounding a bit more like herself but something was still off.

The boys mumbled to themselves but respected her request and walked away. They glanced in Steve’s direction as they left and Lucas

stayed standing there for a bit longer than the others.

Steve wondered what the hell had them so riled up. They know that he wouldn't hurt Max, or say anything mean or some shit. When Lucas finally disappeared from the room she sighed and looked up at him. Her eyes were wet, like she was going to cry, and before he knew it she was hugging him tight.

He hushed her like he has seen Joyce do with Will, rubbing her back and whispering that it was going to be okay. Was it going to be okay? He's never seen her do something like that. Sure, she's cried at some lame movies the party watched and she cried when she broke her skateboard swinging it at a demo-monster thing, but this was different.

After a bit, she let him go and sniffled, rubbing at her nose with her non-casted arm. "Sorry." she whisper, her voice sounding watery too.

"It's alright, kiddo. What's wrong?" He said, scooting closer so that they were sitting side by side, he knows that looking at someone while you talk can make you more uncomfortable.

"It's, uh," she glanced up at him for a moment before staring down at her cast, "It's my step-dad."

Steve tensed. He knew what asshole has done to Billy, but he had made Steve promise that he wouldn't do anything about it. He had given some shithead excuse that 'he could handle himself'. Bullshit. "Did he do this to you, Max?"

"No! Yes.. Kind of?" She sounded afraid, and Steve was pissed.

"Tell me what happened. It's gonna be okay."

-

"Slow down, Steve! Holy shit!"

Distantly, Steve could hear the boys shouting in the back. He could also rationalize that this, what he was doing, was a bad idea. He was gonna get in a lot of trouble for this.

But none of that mattered when he looked over at Max in the passenger seat and saw the fear in her eyes, but also the anger. When he saw the tear stains on her cheeks and the fucking cast on her arm. When he remembered what she told him.

“He had found a shirt. Neil was going through Billy’s stuff when he found a shirt” She had glanced up at him again as she spoke, “It was some pink shirt, had a collar and everything, so it was definitely not Billy’s.” Steve froze with realization, but she didn’t pause,

“Billy and me had just gotten home and he was in one of his good moods again. Things were getting better. He was. And then Neil... He started beating Billy up real bad. I never seen him do that before, Steve, and I didn’t know what to do. I shouted for him to stop and he didn’t and I tried to pull him off of Billy and,” She wiped at her nose again, and he wrapped an arm around her shoulders,

“He- he yelled at me, and gripped up my wrist. Told me to ‘stay out of grown-up business’ and shoved me. I fell on one of the weights Billy kept in the living room and, well,” She let out a manic sounding chuckle, “That’s how my arm happened.”

She was quiet for a few seconds before starting again, but more quiet, as if she didn’t want the boys to hear if they were listening in. “He called Billy all of these mean names and threatened to kick him out but, he didn’t care. He said ‘I don’t care if I’m a faggot, dad. I love him.’ and Neil,” she looked up at Steve again and if she was surprised to see that he was crying to she didn’t show it, “Neil broke his leg.”

Steve pulled her closer to his side and rubbed her shoulder. He tried to calm down, but he couldn’t. He was so stupid. Billy got hurt because of him. Max got hurt because of him. He choked down a sob when Max twisted to hug him, whispering into his shirt, “He told me to tell you he loves you. He said ‘tell him that I’ll see him in no time’. He said to tell you that it’s gonna be okay but I don’t know if it is, Steve.” He tried and failed not to dwell on the way her voice cracked as she finished.

His grip tightened on the steering wheel as he got closer to the house. Max tensed up and he saw Lucas freeze in the backseat, the other boys seemed confused on what was going to happen. He parked a decent distance away, and turned to face the kids. “Listen up,

dickheads. Stay in this fucking car, got it?”

“Steve, what the fuck-” Mike started to ask before Lucas cleared his throat.

“Are you sure about this, Steve?” Lucas said, his voice quiet and worried but also sounding as sure of what the answer was gonna be as Steve was.

“Of course I am.”

Lucas nodded, “Good luck.”

Steve turned to face Max, and ruffled her hair, “Keep 'em in line.”

She smacked his hand away, but nodded so he took it as his cue to get out. Everyone seemed to realize what was going on, and also seemed to share the same look of fear in their eyes and he opened his door.

As he walked up to the house, he thought back to what Billy had said to him almost a week before. “You’re just not good in a fight, Stevie.”

Maybe against people, Steve wasn’t the best fighter, but against monsters? He’s fought monsters bigger and badder than Neil Hargrove, and won, so this was gonna be no problem.

He knocked on the door and waited, tapping his foot almost impatiently. A man opened the door with a bored look in his eye, as if he expected the mailman to be the one at his door. As his eyes scanned up and down Steve, his eyes seemed to light up and Steve clenched his fists.

“Well, well! You must be my faggot son’s faggot boyfriend!” Neil seemed to open the door wider than before, and Steve realized that he was going to make this seem like yet another punishment for Billy.

He laughed darkly, planting his feet and looking Neil in the eye, “Yeah, it’s me. Try not to cream your pants.”

Neil’s eyes hardened and Steve threw the first punch. His knuckles hurt when they slammed into the man’s cheekbone. Steve stepped

into the house and one of the first things he saw were some weights piled up in a corner. He thought of Max's voice, trying not to shake. He thought of the tear stains on his shirt. He thought of the crown above his name on her cast. He shoved the older man hard and enjoyed the slam of his back hitting the wall.

Neil growled in a way that all monsters seem to know how to do, and pushed off the wall towards Steve. Steve moved to plant his feet again when he heard what sounded like a door opening. Neil used the distraction against him and punched him in the nose. Steve stepped back as his eyes watered and he could feel the blood start to flow. Neil laughed harshly, and glared at Steve. "Fairies like you and my son know no respect, do they? Good thing I don't have any problems with teaching you to have some."

Steve watched his arm pull back and moved out of the way before his fist could make contact. He licked at the blood on his lips and laughed. The sound seemed to piss Neil off even more, and the man went to charge at him and he kicked at his groin as hard as he could. Neil grunted as he stepped back hands going to block himself.

Steve shoved him again, and he lost his balance, falling onto his ass. Steve kicked him in the ribs and laughed when he heard his head hit the ground. Steve continued laughing as he kicked him in the side, "This one is for my 'faggot' boyfriend." he snarled, before kicking at the same spot again, "and that one's for Max, you asshole!"

Steve knelt down over him in an eerily familiar way to what Billy had done all those months ago, and raining his fists down again the man monster beneath him.

"She's just a fucking kid. And he's your fucking son. You're scum, fucking trash, you hear me-" Suddenly, he was being yanked up and when he twisted around, he saw it was Hopper that was holding him back.

He tried to pull away, lunging at Neil again. "You're lucky I didn't have my bat, you fucking piece of shit!"

He watched two other officers lift Neil to his feet and putting him in handcuffs. Steve smirked when he heard Hopper sigh behind him as

he got his own cuffs snapped into place. “Jesus, kid. You couldn’t just wait until I got to that house, could you?” Hopper said, keeping his voice low.

Steve laughed and the blood on his tongue reminded him that he won. “Nope.”

The last thing he saw when he got into Hopper’s car was the kids, now standing in front of his car staring back at him in awe. As they drove away, Steve looked back to find Billy watching him from the front door of his house.

-

Two weeks later and Hopper was driving him to the Byers’ house to watch the boys. The charges against Steve were dropped. Hopper told him that Neil didn’t want people to know that he got his ass kicked by ‘some rich fag’. Hopper had also said that Neil was going to be going away for a while, and for Steve to probably see someone about his anger issues.

When he got out of holding, he was pleasantly surprised to see that Joyce had thrown him a welcome back party. The boys had bombarded him with questions about ‘prison life’. Max had hugged him tight, and he ruffled her hair. Eleven looked at him softly and told him that he was “bitchin” which made him laugh. Nancy slapped him and told him that he can’t go to jail anymore, to which he promised not to do.

Billy had hugged him, there in front of everyone, shoving his face into Steve’s neck. Steve hugged him back, and let his eyes water. He doesn’t know how long they stayed like that but when Billy finally pulled back enough so that Steve could see his face, he saw that the room was now empty. He also saw that Billy was crying. He rubbed a hand over Steve’s face, and stared at the bandage on his nose. “Jesus fuck, Steve, I heard him ranting and then I heard your voice and the thumps and I couldn’t fucking make it down the stairs and-” Billy was ranting and his grip on Steve’s shirt got tighter and Steve could tell he was working himself up, so he did the only thing he could think of.

He kissed Billy hard. Hell, he even whined into the kiss when Billy kissed back with the same ferocity. They kissed until Billy complained about standing on his cast and Steve's broken nose hurt like a bitch. They kissed until their lips stung and both of them had tears on their faces. Billy kissed Steve's face over and over again, which made Steve laugh.

When he stopped, the two of them just looked at each other, happy and content in the other's presence. Steve laughed and said, "I told you so."

Billy looked at him like he was crazy, but he still had that smile on his face. "What exactly did you tell me?"

Steve laced his fingers with Billy's on his cheek and pulled their hands down, "I'm a great fighter."

Author's Note:

i hope you liked it!!

find me at pretendimstraight on tumblr for more on these idiots loving eachother to hell and back.